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Pac Theo Sem Reading Room

THE UNSEEN.

Just on the further bound of sense,
Unproved by outward evidence,
But known by a deep influence
Which through our grosser clay doth shine
With light unwaning and divine,
Beyond where highest thought can fly,
Stretches the world of mystery—
And they not greatly overween
Who deem that nothing true hath been
Save the unspeakable Unseen.

One step beyond life's work-day things,
One more beat of the soul's broad wings,
One deep sorrow sometimes brings
The spirit into that great Vast
Where neither future is nor past;
None knoweth how he entered there,
But, waking, finds his spirit where
He thought an angel could not soar,
And, what he called false dreams before
The very air about his door.

—James Russell Lowell.

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

SOME PUZZLING PROBLEMS.

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley contained the following announcement last Sunday, under the caption of "Some Puzzling Problems."

"In view of world events by which all hearts are troubled, much is being said in many quarters about certain puzzling books in the Bible. Sunday evening, June 13th, Mr. Brooks will discuss the book of Daniel. How shall we read it? Of what value is it? June 20th, The Book of Revelation and Modern Scholarship. How is it to be interpreted? June 27th, What are we to think about the so-called 'Second Coming'?"

The able consideration which Dr. Brooks will give these subjects will have wide welcome.

In the preface to a book published last year it was said: "That our world is approaching a momentous crisis is believed and asserted by thoughtful men in every walk and department of life. Intelligent and serious minds cannot escape this conviction. There may be differences of opinion as to how near the crisis may be; also as to just how it will be ushered in, and as to many of its final consequences; but all are agreed that events of unprecedented importance are impending, and that as an ultimate result of this approaching crisis the entire framework of the existing social order is likely to be revolutionized. Poets have written of that

'One far off divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves,'

and of a coming era among the nations,

'When the war drums throb no longer,
And the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world.'

"The prophets of God in all ages have foreseen and foretold the dawn of a golden age, the ultimate establishment of the kingdom of God is visible glory upon the earth, the universal triumph of righteousness in our world; and, as a result of the moral and spiritual transformation of society, of an era in which the creature itself shall be delivered from 'the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.'"

The man who wrote the foregoing is a pre-millennialist. The pre-millennialists believe that Christ will return "as personally and visibly as he ascended" and will inaugurate a period when righteousness shall reign upon the earth. The post-millenialists believe in a visible reappearance of Christ upon the earth, but that this will not precede any millennial period. Then, there are others who set aside entirely the idea of any visible appearance at any time.

It is worthy of note that not a few of the great preachers and some of the great exegetes of the last century were pre-millennialists. Whitefield, Spurgeon, Moses Stuart, and Moody are in the list.

Professor Godet, the great exegete, wrote in the British Weekly, in 1887, in support of a "Parousia" which would take place before the millennium, but as a purely transient event. The following will indicate his position and will show also in what way he differs with other pre-millennialists:

"The Parousia" which takes place between the present state of the world and the millennium of Paul and of the Apocalypse, ought not to be regarded as a thing that will last. It is a purely transient event, a momentary disturbance of the world as it lies intoxicated with carnal things, a touch of red-hot iron that sends a thrill through the diseased frame. Then all will go on as it was before; only the mind of humanity will have been transformed by this divine manifestation. Not indeed that an outward apparition of the divine can of itself sanctify the heart; but when the way has been prepared for it by such terrible experiences as those which will precede it, then it may have a decisive effect. Proof of this may be seen in the effect made upon the mind of Paul by the appearance of the Lord on the road to Damascus. Then will begin what is called in Revelation the reign of a thousand years. This reign will be the great period of Christian civilization, a demonstration of the happiness which humanity might have enjoyed on earth if only it had yielded earlier to the sway of Christ. It will be a splendid witness to the goodness and wisdom of God as well as to the long folly of man. It will be what St. Paul, speaking in a purely spiritual sense, calls (Romans 11:15) 'a life from the dead.' . . . Physical death will continue to rule even during this reign of God on the earth. . . . There will be no mingling here below of immortal risen ones with sinners who have still to die. . . . The existence of the saints will be passed in a higher sphere (I Thess. 4:17). The living may perhaps be able to hold more free communion with them than is possible now between the dwellers in earth and heaven. But neither in the epistles of Paul nor in the Revelation, is there the least indication of the visible and permanent presence of the Lord and his elect on the earth during all that period. Sin must still exist along with death, although in a less open form, and this explains the possibility of a final revolt, even after such a time of blessing."

It is also noteworthy that pre-millenarians now find one of their arguments in the very positions taken by some of the new theology preachers of the present time, the higher critics and others.

For instance, Dr. Torrey, who is at the head of the Bible Institute in Los Angeles, says in his book, "What the Bible Teaches," a book published about fifteen years ago:

"The multiplying iniquities of our day, the apostasy of many professed Christians, preachers and professors of theology, into damning error and unbelief, the increase of lawlessness on the part of great corporations on the one hand and the oppressed poor on the other—these are all signs of his coming, which may be very near at hand."

"Pastor Russell" is very much in evidence these days. But he is disowned by those who call themselves "orthodox pre-millennialists." One of them writes of Russell: "He holds more ground in common with post-millennial writers

than with the pre-millennial. He is an exegetical monstrosity, standing in a class of his own." Russell declares that the millennium began in 1874; that the Bible words that Christ's "feet shall stand upon the Mount of Olives" are figurative; that Christ is on the earth now and that scoffers are too busy to see it; and further, that "the body of Christ was not resurrected;" that it "was diffused into gas; or, it may be preserved somewhere and exhibited during the millennium."

But, all such things as these aside, unquestionably there are today signs of the times which are causing men and women to ponder almost as never before in our age. Great revolutions have been going on, and people are wondering with disturbed minds and hearts what is to come on the earth in the near future. Note this fact, that in the realm of religion, in theology, in matters of doctrine, things went on from the time of Augustine with practically no change until a few decades ago. But, for some time the Christian world has been in a real religious revolution. That is what some term it. Others would use the term "evolution."

Dr. Brooks will render a great service to the people if he shall succeed in leading them out of the maze in which many find themselves.

The pastor of one of our leading churches remarked recently that his mind turned very frequently now to Tolstoi's reported vision, published in The Pacific last year, in effect that in 1916 some hitherto practically unknown man would gain sway in Europe and hold it till 1925 and that then a Mongolian-Slav would become supreme and inaugurate a reign of universal brotherhood.

The voice of any man who has a real message, not only on the Book of Daniel, the Book of Revelation, and "the so-called Second Coming," but who can interpret convincingly some of the signs of the times, will have welcome in the land today.

Largely, people are expecting something cataclysmic. What is it to be? Or, are they wrong in such expectancy?

AN EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING BOOK BY THE EMINENT PULPIT ORATOR, NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

An Editorial Review.

A new book by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, "Studies of the Great War"—and published by the Fleming H. Revell Company—bears the subtitle, "What Each Nation Has at stake." In a foreword the book is spoken of as "the story of the nations now engaged in the greatest battle that ever shook the earth." This better indicates what the book is. The articles are: Germany's Growth: Her Problems of Expansion. France: Her Contribution to the World; What Her People Are Fighting For. England's Place Among the Nations: Her Relation to Germany. Brave Little Belgium: Why the World Sympathizes with Her. The New Russia: Her Ambition for a Seaport. The Unspeakable Turk: An Alien in Europe. Italy Old and New: Her Ambitions. Holland and Germany: The Mouth of the Rhine. Austria-Hungary and the Coming United States of Balkany. The Verdict of the American People upon Militarism and Autocracy.

In a most graphic and highly interesting way, Dr. Hillis sketches the standing of these nations and sets forth their ideals and aspirations. He begins with Germany, the nation which "set the battle lines in array," and gives thereof a word picture of the greatness which doubtless will surprise many readers. Inasmuch as we desire to present to the readers of The Pacific some of these facts, let it be remarked here in the beginning that the sympathies of Dr. Hillis are with the Allies, and he excuses them and belabors Germany.

Dr. Hillis discriminates between the occasions of the conflict and the causes. The causes and roots of the war he finds in far-off racial antagonisms and economic conflicts.

"As for Germany, the cause of the war is found in the desire for her people a larger 'place in the sun,' through control of the Belgian Scheldt and the mouth of the Rhine, possession of the iron mines of the French Briey, and in the conviction that England has no right to claim to be mistress of the seas. As for France, the cause of the war is the instinct of self-preservation, a desire to recover the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and her determination to develop her iron mines and become a manufacturing nation. As to Austria, the cause of war is her fear of the coming United States of Balkany, with the certain progressive slicing away of her territory. As for Russia, the cause of the war is her desire to obtain the Bosphorus, with a port open all the year round.

"As for England, our motherland is fighting to recover her sense of security. During the Napoleonic wars, the second William Pitt explained the quadrupling of the taxes, the increase of the navy, and the sending of an English army against France by emphasizing the necessity of 'preserving England's sense of security.' Five years ago England lost her sense of security, and began to fear a German invasion. Today England is seeking not to preserve, but to recover that lost sense. England and France and Belgium propose now to secure their ends by destroying Germany's ironclads, demolishing her army, wiping out her forts, and enlarging Belgium as a buffer state between France and Germany."

Dr. Hillis declares that "the progress of Germany since 1870 is the wonder of the world."

"In the industrial realm Germany is creating wealth faster than any other nation in Europe; and this, notwithstanding the handicap of their sandy soil in Prussia, low grade of ore and coal, and the fact that she is, comparatively with others, shut off from the sea and surrounded by active competitors." He says that it is possible that in the realm of industry Germany now leads the rest of the world. "She produces larger harvests for a given number of acres, manufactures her goods with less waste, maintains a wage that is not higher, but steadier, than that of other peoples, secures a higher rate of longevity among her workers, has succeeded in safeguarding her toilers against the worries incident to accident, illness and old age, and has lifted her working people out of illiteracy to a higher average intellectual level than that known to any other nation."

Dr. Hillis tells us that all iron and steel men are agreed that if Germany had as good coaking coal and iron ore as the United States has she would drive our iron men into bankruptcy or to lessons from them as to new methods and efficiency.

"In this country capital and labor have not yet learned to do team work, while in Germany the people are disciplined, and trained in intelligence, and they know how to appreciate and follow steadfast leadership. The German industrial host marches not as a mob, but as a solid army. Our working people, through the jealousy of labor leaders, are broken up into separate guerilla bands, until the union men and the non-union men fight almost as bitterly as the Ger-

man and the French soldiers now struggling into death in the trenches of Northern France."

In one of his contrasts of Germany and England Dr. Hillis says: "The land around Berlin is a sandy plain, her coal is of low grade, her soil is of poor quality, and yet by her saving of waste, by untiring industry, thrift and economy, she is creating wealth each year fifty per cent more rapidly than is England."

The figures of an English writer are taken to show that during a recent seven-year period the deposits of the German working people in savings banks grew nine times as fast as those of the British. This is said to be the more remarkable because the English statistician shows that the German people have, in addition, been pouring their savings—the largest part of them—into lots, lands, cottages, and houses, while the English workingman finds it almost impossible to obtain freehold land.

A picture of the awful poverty in England is drawn by Dr. Hillis, and then he says: "But you may travel for weeks and months in Germany without even seeing a beggar or having a hand stretched out for assistance. You look in vain for any tenement region."

Considering Germany's system of military education, Dr. Hillis shows how this makes men while it trains soldiers. "It may be doubted whether any nation has as good a system of technical education for the manufacture of good workingmen and good farmers—real work for transforming peasants into citizens of Germany and of the world."

This, remember, refers to the organized life of the soldier boys.

"When two years have passed these boys will know about Germany's industrial and manufacturing life, her herds and flocks, the best way to cross and breed her animals; about her soils and fertilizers, about the care of the horse, the plow, and the reaper; how to guard against the wastes, and how to make the farm that has been yielding six per cent yield twelve per cent on the investment. They will know about the weakness and the strength of Russia and Austria, of France and England. They enter the army stooped and weak physically; they leave it well set up, and soldiers every inch. They enter the army uncertain and vacillating, and they leave it with fixed habits, men who work by the clock. They enter the army peasants, with a narrow outlook; they leave it citizens of Germany, of Europe, and of the world.

"Indeed, if every boy of eighteen in the United States could be put through such a rigorous physical, intellectual, patriotic, and moral drill for twelve months, it would be of immense value to the property interests of this Republic, altogether aside from its military uses."

All in all, says Dr. Hillis, "one thing is certain—all the nations of the earth may well go to school to Germany."

When Dr. Hillis turns to consider Germany geographically and numerically—68,000,000 people living in a territory only three-fourths as large as the State of Texas, and increasing in such a manner that soon Germany will have 100,000,000 people, while England will have 50,000,000 and France 35,000,000—he says: "For years Germany has been shut off from the sea at Trieste on the Adriatic, and at Marseilles on the Mediterranean; shut off from the North Sea by Holland on the West. Hitherto neighboring nations have wanted Holland and Belgium as buffer states; and France, England, and Prussia, with Russia and Austria, agreed so to maintain them. True, Germany has the great ports of Hamburg on the Elbe, and Bremen on the Eser, but the Rhine, her greatest river, flows into the North Sea, at Rotterdam, in Holland. Of course, our people could not carry on their trade, with Canada owning the mouth of the Hudson and Manhattan Island. We could not do our work, with Mexico owning the mouth of the Mississippi River and all of the Mississippi States paying tribute to Mexico at New Orleans. France could not survive with the mouth of the Seine owned by Spain or the mouth of the Rhone owned by Italy."

Following this admission, Dr. Hillis asks, "What, then, is Germany to do?"

We get his answer indirectly when we turn to the article on "England's Place Among the Nations: Her Relations to Germany." He takes the position that Germany wanted Belgium and a new slice of France, and says in condemnation of her: "Neither life nor property nor liberty can be safe in the twentieth century if any ruler or any army is allowed to seize a land or a city because it is fruitful and rich, through the labor of another race. There are many poor men who have succeeded and built a house and stuffed it with treasures, but civilization is at an end if burglars are to be allowed to organize, found a factory for a burglar's kit and loot the house, saying, 'Get what you will and explain afterwards.' Little Belgium, with her coal and iron, the new hematite iron deposits of Northern France, recently discovered, are like jewel boxes. In the twentieth century steel is king. If Germany can seize those hematite ores in Northern France, with Belgium's coal and seaports, she will have what will build navies, locomotives, trains. Then no matter who owns Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, if she can own the best hematite iron ores in Europe, she can blow up Gibraltar and destroy the Suez Canal. The lure of iron and coal owned by her rivals made a powerful appeal to Germany, just as Mexico's treasures have tempted American capitalists to exploit Mexico. The envious man's finger twitches when he perceives a piece of gold or a jewel in the possession of some honest man who has first earned and then saved the treasure."

Suffice it to remark here that Dr. Hillis' articles are thoroughly oratorical. They were given first in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and must not be considered as in any sense a logical conclusion on questions at issue in the war. However, the book is one of the most interesting and enlightening, and we turn now to what he has to say on "England's Place Among the Nations."

"For more than one hundred years England and London have been the outstanding forces in the world's civilization. The United States, Germany and France have made striking contributions to human progress, through tools, arts, sciences, and the increase of comforts and conveniences, not to mention what they have done for democracy and liberty. But when everything has been said in praise of other nations, our motherland of England still has a supremacy that cannot be challenged.

"It was from England that the founders of our Republic received the seed-corn of liberty that has ripened into these new harvests. It was England's Cromwell, Pym and Hampden who destroyed that citadel of iniquity, the doctrine of the divine rights of kings. It was the English Bacon who formulated the true mode of scientific investigation. It was an English poet who gave us the plea for the liberty of the printing-press. It was an English philosopher, Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravity and started the

wholeworld of science upon its upward movement. * * * In later years it was an English scholar, Charles Darwin, who discovered the law of evolution as the seminal theory of progress, in the world vegetable and animal, and in the world of man. The engine lifts coal out of mines and redeems man from drudgery, but the engine is the gift of James Watt. Too long the world shivered in cold for lack of raiment, and Englishmen, named Arkwright and Jenney, gave us the looms that clothed Asia with garments of cotton and wood. It was the English Stephenson who gave us the locomotive that has multiplied every German, Frenchman and American into fifty man-power. England's contribution to social science has been altogether unique, and her influence beyond all measurement. * * * In the world of civilization, if you were to take England and all Englishmen for the last three hundred years out of history, you would have little left save a group of serfs, plebeians, and forest children, wearing skins and riding in an ox-cart."

Full recognition is given by Dr. Hillis of England's work as an architect of states and a builder of commonwealths all around the world, and the glory of her life therein.

We are told also that every unprejudiced man must be deeply impressed by England's fairness to her industrial rivals.

"Germany imposes a customs tax of an average twenty per cent against England. She has built this commercial wall so high that she thought that no English manufacturer could climb over it. But England allows the German manufacturer to come into her towns and sell his goods as freely as in Germany. The Kaiser has left nothing undone to keep English commercial travelers out of Germany, with the result that they are few and far between, while England fairly swarms with German commercial travelers and traders. More striking than all else, England gives a free port in all her colonies to German goods and German merchants. To all intents and purposes it is as if Germany owned England's colonies and had all the privileges of ownership, with the single exception that she is free from the necessity of paying the bills for supporting the government of that colony."

All of which seems strong against Germany until one remembers that it all comes naturally under England's long-time free-trade policy, and that the rapidly increasing commercial and trade rivalry in England of Germany indicated before the war very troublous times near at hand. Back in 1897 an article appeared in the London Saturday Review in which it was argued that commercial jealousy would some day create from innumerable little frictions the most stupendous cause of war the world had ever experienced. Germany's trade, which was very disturbing to England, had more than doubled in value in a few years after that article was written. Such readers as may wish to know what trade rivalry may lead to are referred to an article elsewhere in The Pacific this week which has excerpts from an article in The Boston Transcript entitled "England Plotting for Our Orient Trade."

Framed as Dr. Hillis' articles on Belgium and Austria-Hungary were to catch the ear on Sunday evenings—as were all the articles—they also are rhetorical. Brilliant they are of course and exceedingly interesting, captivating at times like a novel. But one needs to bear in mind that important links in the chain of events are missing necessarily, or his beautiful word-pictures will mislead.

Dr. Hillis, in his flood of oratory, loses sight of the fact that Germany prior to the occupation of Liege, and again after the fall of Liege, offered to the Belgian Government a full guaranty that the boundaries and independence of Belgium would not be affected in the least by the war, provided the idea of forcible resistance to entrance on her soil were abandoned.

"Moreover, it must be remembered that English army officers had confidentially confessed to a plan which had been discussed by England and France during the Morocco crisis in 1911 of sending, in the event of a war with Germany, an English expeditionary force to the continent," writes Paul Rohrbach, Professor of Political Economy in the Commercial Academy of Berlin. "This contingent, as was admitted, was to force an entrance to the Scheldt at Flushing, thereupon land in Antwerp, and from there by way of Belgium, advance against the German army."

It was only an hundred years ago that England acted in this manner—violating the neutrality of Denmark, bombarding Copenhagen, capturing Denmark's entire fleet, and taking it to England. Denmark was told that this was not due to any hostility to her, though she had refused to turn over the fleet, but in the interests of peace and humanity, lest Napoleon should compel Denmark to put the fleet at his disposal in an attack on England.

Dr. Hillis also jumps over what is now admitted almost without exception, that England would have gone into the war even if the neutrality of Belgium had not been disregarded.

No doubt the future will disclose things of remarkable interest concerning this neutrality matter. We shall know sometime more about the claim confidently made by the Germans yet today of great quantities of ammunition for the use of English artillery as early as 1913 at Mauberge, a French fortress near the Belgian border. Professor Rohrbach says: "That these stores were intended for English ordnance was ascertained by their caliber, wheih differed from that in use by French artillery. Obviously, provisions had been made to land English troops in France, and jointly with the French forces undertake military operations from the Belgian border as a basis."

And the Germans still insist that French officers were in Liege when the first advance of the German army attacked that city.

Not long ago it was brought to light in the Viereck-Chesterton debate, writes Rohrbach, that a significant paragraph which was in one of the early editions of the English Blue Book was omitted later. It read: "Germany's position must be understood. She had fulfilled her treaty obligations in the past; her action now was not wanton. Belgium was of extreme military importance in a war with France: if such a war occurred it would be one of life and death. Germany feared that if she did not occupy Belgium, France might do so. In the face of this suspicion there was only one thing to do. * * *"

None of these things are mentioned here with any thought of exonerating Germany, but merely to indicate how, in the face of most fearful menace to a nation's existence, such agreements as to neutral territory were commonly regarded,—by the English as well as by the Germans.

Dr. Hillis begins his article on Russia with Tolstoi's words: "Russia is not a state; Russia is a world."

"England has vast colonies, but Russia's farming lands

include one-sixth of the resources of our earth. These lands are compact, making her the most closely knitted country of which we have any knowledge. * * * It would take three times the territory of the United States to cover Russia. Her eagles, starting on the Baltic Sea, journey seven thousand miles to that port on the Pacific where the Russian railway has its terminus. It is mare than three thousand miles, also, between Russia's northern boundary on the Arctic and her cotton fields on the shores of the Caspian. Western Russia holds more than half the good farming land of Europe. As to Russia's resources in Asia, remember that the great forests and the wheat and corn and grazing lands of Asia are on the north of the Himalayas and above the northwestern ranges separating China from Turkestan and Siberia. This Republic prides itself on the black corn land in Illinois and Iowa, but Russia has ten corn states in the black-earth belt. This Republic and Canada have certain wheat lands in the Dakotas and Manitoba, but Russia has twelve such wheat states. This country expects much from the development of its forests in the Puget Sound, but the world's great forests of pine, spruce, and cedar, of oak, maple and elm are in Siberia."

When Dr. Hillis comes to consider Austria-Hungary, he dismisses very briefly all that the troubles in the Balkans and the on-coming pressure of Russia, dictating with reference thereto, meant to Austria and Germany—the threatening of their national existences. There isn't a hint even of the fear which England had because of the increasing activity of Russia in questions pertaining to the Balkans and the Orient, and which led her to work parallel with and even to collaborate with Germany to forestall Russia's advances in the direction of the Mediterranean.

Indeed, notwithstanding England's fear of Germany it was disclosed recently that some remarkable treaties had been made, which never came into effect because the war broke out and changed everything.

Paul Rohrback says in his book, "Germany's Isolation," published in this country last month:

"Now that the tide of affairs has turned, there seems no need of concealing the fact that treaties with England regarding the boundaries of Germany's spheres of interest in the Orient and in Africa were signed and sealed, and that nothing but the question of their publication was left for discussion. In Africa, England's policy had made surprising concessions to Germany. In Turkey, Germany's wishes had been readily met, with regard to both the Bagdad railroad and a number of allied branches, such as the establishment of shipping lines on the Tigris and the working of the oil fields in Mesopotamia. The last two enterprises, which had been entirely under England's control, were now to be managed with the help of German capital.

"There was indeed every reason to believe that England was resigned to recognize Germany's competition on a broader base than had heretofore been possible, in the Turkish Orient as well as in the tropical regions of Africa. The deeper psychological reason for her change of policy lies hidden in the gradual disappearance of her suspicion that Germany was conspiring against the safety of the British empire. There is a great deal of truth in the old but frequently forgotten maxim, that it is not the actual aims of contending governments and nations which determine their relation to each other, but rather the mutual interpretation of such aims. It had been England's suspicion for years past that Germany was planning an attack upon her, but that opinion began to allay since the days of the Morocco crisis." But fear completely enveloped England's leaders again when, with war imminent between Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy on the one side, and Russia and France on the other, they began to think of what the consequences might be a little later to the British Empire. Their national existence seemed to them to be imperiled, and they stood with France and Russia against Germany and Austria-Hungary.

We turn from a careful reading of this book by Dr. Hillis with the same judgment which we had in the beginning of the war—that it was inevitable, that forces were at work which were bound to bring an explosion. England and France and Russia had the lid on Germany and Austria-Hungary, conscientiously so. But Germany and Austria-Hungary were just as conscientious in their actions. The Pacific intends to continue neutral and let the future, calm historian apportion the blame. Out of the carnage will come in due time, though it may be remotely, inter-nationalism and a world-wide fraternity,—a unity of mankind, for which it was foreordained and toward which all the forces of life are driving us.

YOSEMITE: THE OPAL CUP.

John Wright Buckham.

Although the Yosemite Valley has been known but little more than fifty years, it has become the greatest natural shrine in America. Every year its devotees multiply. The penniless tramp to it, the wealthy steal into it by motor car, and the generality take it by force of steam and auto bus. And yet most of those who visit it gain but a fraction of the wealth of beauty and grandeur that it holds for those who have found in it a summer home.

Perhaps the greatest glory of the valley is what may be termed its translucence. It is a chosen chamber of the sun. The sunlight plays over it and through it with boundless affection, leaps from cliff to cliff, weaves rainbows over its shining waters, glows upon its great domes, caresses its flowering meadows and flames from all its high places. In these changing lights the valley resembles a great Opal Cup in which varying hues blend in a kind of iridescence which envelops it from morning till evening.

The granite itself, though darkened here and there by weather and lichens, gleams as if lit by an inner radiance. Nowhere is this opalescence quite so striking as upon the south wall of Tenaya Canyon, at the upper end of the valley. My camp for two summers has been at the big bend of the Merced River, looking up the Tenaya Canyon with the Le Conte Dome on the right and North Dome and Washington Column on the left, and the summit of Cloud's Rest, dappled with snow, in the background. The superb slope of this canyon of naked rock, unbroken by tree or shrub, shimmers with true opalescent blues and violets. Above it on the west the shapely symmetry of North Dome delights the eye with its quiet coloring, while the lower precipice of Le Conte Dome opposite wears a pearly grey, except where it is darkened by the raven hair of the legendary Indian princess, Tissaack, when the rose of the setting sun touches it and it becomes a vast torch that burns in splendor above the darkening shades of the valley. The vast wall of Glacier Point, though darker, responds to the salutation of the morning sun playing its part nobly in the mid-day

symphony of gladness and light, while El Capitan at the lower end of the valley possesses a harmony of beautiful coloring that softens its stern grandeur to an almost spiritual grace.

The waters that leap over these majestic cliffs, from a distance appearing like shattered cascades of scintillating diamonds, drifting and swaying in the wind, upon a nearer view are not without opalescent color. Shifting rainbows hover above them, like huge butterflies. The water itself, also—especially in the Merced as it spreads out its crystalline wealth in the broad belt of the Vernal Falls—is exquisitely hued with evanescent colors that vanish into the silver spray, like Undines escaping to the concealing stream.

The rim of this regal cup is adorned with a scroll of varied pattern, fretted with green and grey, above which burns a sapphire sky.

Within this opal setting and beneath this gleaming sapphire rests a perfect emerald. If ever a mountain valley was green and smiling with rich and charming verdure it is the "floor" of Yosemite Valley. It is dotted with meadows larger and smaller, carpeted with beautiful grasses beneath which are hidden wild strawberries, more luscious than those of a New England "wood-lot." Here assemble in rapid succession processions of wild flowers, among them shooting-stars of unusual size and splendor, larkspurs, lupines, zygadenes, pussies' paws and gorgeous evening primroses. Along the river banks bloom azaleas, white and gold, the feathered roseate fringe of the alum-root and the graceful meadow rue, overhung by willows and dogwood, and flanked by mighty poplars, alders and black oaks. Back of these, singly and in groups, extending to the very base of the cliffs, grow stately incense cedars, yellow pines and white and Douglas firs, beneath which mariposa tulips unfold their delicately tinted cups, while in every crevice of the cliffs, where is a modicum of soil, cling live-oaks, manzanitas, laurels, firs and pines.

From the hollow of this opal cup one looks up at the protecting skies with a new sense of the wonder and beauty of creation. By night the stars look down into it with a peculiarly benignant radiance. The moonlight transforms it into an indescribable fairyland. In the weird magic of the moonbeams the solid cliffs and walls are resolved into such stuff as dreams are made of and seem about to vanish and leave not a wrack behind.

But daylight and sunshine form the fairest and most characteristic setting of the Valley Wonderful. Then the opalescent hues appear. The very soil gives back the salutation of the sun.

On such days the valley becomes the very house of God and gate of Heaven. filled with color and radiance and music. On every rock and stream and flower and pine needle the sunlight glows as if in love with every vastest and tiniest thing. And if the glory of it is too great for dazzled eyes, every tree invites to shade and rest.

It seems as if nothing dark or loveless could enter here. Fleecy clouds float inquiringly up over Glacier Point and vanish abashed into the all-absorbing blue. Sometimes, indeed, darker clouds gather over Yosemite Fall and Merced Canyon and meet, and all the cliffs and domes reverberate with echoing thunder, and the beautiful valley, tarnished with the dust of many tourists, is sprinkled with a cleansing shower. But the next morning the sun shines again with added splendor as upon a reburnished jewel. The waters sparkle and the birds sing and the light plays upon the cliffs and the great opal warms and glows as if chosen above all nature's elect places to reflect the glory of the Most High.

Berkeley, Cal.

JOHN HUS—THE MARTYR OF BOHEMIA.

The five hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of John Hus occurs on the 6th of July, 1915. Professor W. N. Schwartze, of the Moravian College at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, has written a book of 152 pages in which the salient events in the career of this reformer are presented in a graphic way and in which his influence on his age and on succeeding ages is considered with discernment and historical instinct. The life of Hus is a part of universal history as truly as the life of Luther, of Calvin, of Zwingli, of Cranmer, of Wesley. He was one of the chief torch bearers to kindle the Reformation, and one of the bravest of those who in those earlier centuries died for the cause of truth—of progress and growth toward the light.

While professor at the University of Prague he was appointed preacher at Bethlehem Chapel, the pulpit of which soon became for him a throne of power. "For twelve years he wielded from it an influence exceeding that of archbishop or king." The crowds that thronged to hear him represented every class of society. His blameless life gave double force to his preaching, and his ministry had wide significance and influence.

We pass over many years of his life and quote from what the author writes on the issue between Hus and the council at Constance which condemned him to the stake:

"A helpless victim in the hands of his foes, his doom was predetermined. Hus, calm in conscious innocence, unshaken by all his misfortunes, could not but share the well-grounded fears of his friends. His mind was fully made up to meet the worst. His eyes were opened. He saw the great gathering of the leaders of the Church, representatives of its learning and its piety, swayed by gross injustice, clinging to traditions of human invention, stooping to the trick of fastening on his system articles which he had never taught, and treating him as a common criminal. And yet the purpose for which the council had met and the cause for which he labored were the same—the reformation of the Church. And, furthermore, he had not gone further, nor been bolder in denouncing the errors and sins of the Church than had some of the fathers of the council who now sat in judgment upon him.

"Why was it that he was rejected and they were honored? Why was it that prejudice had built up between him and the council an impenetrable wall, as of granite, from which argument, appeal, remonstrance, all rebounded?

"The principles from which the council and Hus respectively proceeded were different and irreconcilable. The one upheld the traditional authority of the Church, to which authority the individual must submit unconditionally in matters of faith, the other maintained the right of private research and judgment. The one wished to reform the Church out of itself, and through itself; the other contended for a reformation according to the ideal of early Christianity as set forth in the New Testament. Hus became a martyr not so much to his conviction of the untruth of current beliefs as because of his fidelity to conscience. . . . He followed the gleam to the end, not counting the cost."

Hus went to his death at Constance; his ashes were cast into the Rhine. The executioner's torch kindled a

conflagration in Bohemia when the news went back of the execution. The nobility of the entire country met and framed a solemn protest to the Council of Constance freighted with the burden of reproach and defiance that the nation felt. The protest affirmed the innocence and orthodoxy of Hus and declared that he had been unjustly put to death.

Among the outgrowths of the life and death of John Hus was the Unitas Fratrum,—later the modern Moravian Church.

This book by Professor Schwartze, which sketches admirably the career of the Martyr of Bohemia, is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company and may be had for 75 cents net.

TRADE RIVALRY AND AN OUTGROWTH OF IT IN AUSTRALIA.

Last Saturday the San Francisco Chronicle had an article by C. M. Pepper, former foreign trade adviser of the United States department of Statistics, entitled "Atrabilious Australia." It was stated there that this unfriendliness had been one of the developments of the war. This is not correct. The hostility was manifest long before the war began, and is an indication of what may happen any time between the people of different nations so long as national interests continue to be emphasized as they always have been. Early in April an article appeared in the Boston Transcript which bore the caption England Plotting for our Orient Trade." The Transcript is not a sensational paper; not at all of the alarmist type. The statement in connection was that the American Manufacturer's Association was alarmed at the movement. We quote:

"Investigation undertaken upon behalf of leading American corporate interests maintaining branches and agencies throughout the Orient, the East India and Australasia has established the fact of an attempt upon the part of organized English industrial operators to weaken the sphere of American commercial influence in Asia, Africa and Australia and New Zealand. Such, indeed, has been the progress of this well defined movement that the full force of it has been actually felt within territory over which the American flag flies—notably in the Philippine Islands.

"Advantage has been taken of British control of the cables leading into the principal centres of China, the Philippines and Australasia and of the press of those centres, to work steady and constant injury to American commerce by means that have come just "within the law" of international polity, but that at no time have been permitted to become identified with the actual administrative operations of the Imperial Government or of the federal or state governments of Australia, New Zealand or other of the British dominions concerned in the movement. It is the broad and sweeping power vested in the British Board of Trade that has been exercised—sometimes fairly, but oftimes unfairly, but always exercised—against the commercial interests of the United States in the Pacific territories.

"This unpleasant situation is not a matter of recent development, although it has been seriously aggravted in the British possessions by the misuse of the censorship imposed upon both mail and cable communications and news since the outbreak of the war in Europe.

"The principal hope of relief for the United States would seem now to lie in the fact that a goodly number of representative people and business interests of Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere in the Far South and Far East have remained steadfast in their loyalty to the highest Anglo-Saxon traditions. This faction, instead of being discouraged by the more flagrant of recent examples of actual hostility directed against the foreign trade of the United States, which lately have begun to assume a very inflammatory character in certain of the less responsible newspapers, has been outspoken in its protest against a condition that it now realizes menaces the civil liberty of its people just as much as it threatens American commercial prestige in those lands.

"As long ago as 1911, a candid note of protest against this condition was sounded." The writer of the article sets forth the matter in detail and then concludes:

"Such has been the development of a propaganda launched several years ago against the commerce of the United States and which bore fruit recently in the passage by the Australian Labor Parliament of the preferential tariff that has operated to shut many products of this country from the markets of the Commonwealth. The New Zealand Government at present has under consideration a like discriminatory tariff, for which a suitable anti-American campaign has prepared legislators and public.

"British control of the cables and, through the cables, of the press, has wrought untold injury to the business interests of the United States in Australasia and throughout the Orient. Even the newspapers of the American colony of the Philippine Islands are dependent upon the service of Reuter's, an English-directed syndicate, for their news cables. When the United States granted the charter for the cable laid between this country and the Philippines, by way of Honolulu, the Midway Islands and Guam, it exacted no provision for "deferred messages" or for press despatches; hence, the American news syndicates and newspapers are unable to compete with Reuter's, which has the benefit of reduced rates over the British cables into all Far-Eastern centres, including Manila.

"As in Australia and New Zealand, the despatches arriving at the newspaper offices of the Far East are found invariably to treat at inordinate length all news of strikes, political agitation, financial trouble and other social and industrial disturbances in the United States, while reducing to a minimum such intelligence as might elevate this country and its industries in the eyes of the people of those lands.

"American commercial travellers have been struck by the honest amazement shown by representative business men of the Far East and the South Pacific upon being informed of the facts and figures of production of American industries. Men otherwise well posted have been wont to receive first with polite incredulity and then with increasing wonder statistics of capital invested, operatives employed, material consumed and goods produced by the textile, iron and steel, machinery and shoe-manufacturing plants of the United States. They had been denied in the presentation of their news even an elementary suggestion of the scope and magnitude of the industriatl development of this country. And the agency which has consistently prevented the spread of such data in Australia, in New Zealand, in China and in the European East Indian colonies

has accomplished its mission with equal success in the Philippines."

OUTLINE PROGRAM OF THE WOMANS CONGRESS OF MISSIONS.

Preceding the formal opening of the Woman's Congress of Missions on Sunday evening June 6th, there will be on Thursday afternoon June 3rd at 2 o'clock a service of intercession in charge of Mr. Sumner R. Vinton at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco. Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock a pageant will be presented at the Court of Abundance at the Exposition.

Sunday evening June 6, the Congress will be formally opened at 8 o'clock by Mrs. DeWitt Knox of New York City. The address of the evening will be given by Rev. Chas. F. Aked, D. D. L. L. D on the theme "The Enlarging Church in the Awakening World."

The regular sessions of the Congress for study of text books and the hearing of informing and inspiring addresses will begin Monday morning at 10 o'clock, June 7th. The special books to be studied are "Around the World with Jack and Janet," presented by Miss N. G. Prescott of Boston; "Home Missions in Action," led by Mrs. D. Everett Waid of New York City; "The King's Highway" (Foreign Missions) taught by its author Mrs. W. A. Montgomery; "Following the Trail" (Junior text-book) presented by Mrs. George Herbert Clark of Los Angeles. Studies in the Bible will be a daily feature at 12 o'clock every morning excepting Saturday, given by Rev. Jas. A. Francis D. D. of Los Angeles. A short service of Prayer and Praise will be held each day at 10.30, and a "Forum of Methods" will be conducted every morning at 10 o'clock by Mrs. Geo. B. Germond of New Britain, Conn. on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter of Pittsburgh, Pa. on Wednesday and by Mrs. DeWitt Knox on Friday.

An outline of the program, and times of presentation of features not stated above, are as follows:

Monday, June 7, at 10.00 "Around the World with Jack and Janet," 10.40 "Home Missions in Action"; 11.30 "Studies in Life" by Mrs. William S. Cook, Mrs. D. Everett Waid, Miss Estelle Haskin, Miss Cornelia Barksdale; 2.00 "The King's Highway"; 3.00 "The Life of A Mohammedam Woman", by Rev. Fred F. Goodsell; 8.00 Address by Miss Miriam L. Woodberry of New York City, on "Immigration"; 8.30 Address by Rev. Edwin Lincoln Smith D. D. of the American Board of Foreign Commissioners, New York, on "The Rising Empire of Christ."

Tuesday, June 8th 10.00 "Around the World" with Jack and Janet"; 10.40 "Home Missions in Action"; 11.30 "Studies in Life"; Miss Olive Gibson, San Mateo, N. M. and Mrs. William Wallace, Mexico City; 2.00 "The King's Highway"; 3.00 "Home Life In India"; Mrs. W. D. Elmore, India; 8.00 Pageant at Civic Auditorium.

Wednesday, June 9th, 10.00 "Following the Trail" (Junior Text-book) 10.40 "The King's Highway"; 11.40 "The Mission Station a Social Settlement", Dr. Mary Riggs Noble, India; 2.00 "Home Missions in Action"; 3.00 "A Social Gospel for the Indian", Edward Marsden, Alaska, and Miss Lillie Corwin, Seward, Nev.; 8.00 Address; "Should Mormonism be Fellowshipped, Ignored or Condemned"; by Rev. James A. Francis, D. D.

Thursday, June 10th, 10.00 "Along the Trail"; 10.40 "A Nation at School, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery; 11.30 Children and Missions, Miss Susan Mendenhall, Editor of "Everyland"; 2.00 An educative Force, Mrs. D. Everett Waid; 3.00 The Girl's College in the Orient, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery; Christian Literature in the Orient, Miss Laura A. White, China; 8.00 Pageant in the Civic Auditorium.

Friday June 11th, 10.00 Young Women's Work, Mrs. D. Everett Waid; 10.40 "One Heart, One Way" Mrs. W. A. Montgomery; 11.30 The Korean Church, Mr. and Mrs. Reiner, Korea; 2.00 An Integrating Force, Mrs. DeWitt Knox; 3.00 The Divided Heart, Mrs. D. Everett Waid; 3.30 Life Stories of Great Missionaries, Miss Susan Mendenhall; 6.00 Gathering at dinner for Young Women in Lecturer room of Church; 8.00 Meeting for Young Women, addressed by Mrs. John S. Allen and Mrs. W. A. Montgomery.

Saturday, June 12th, 10.00 The Leavening of the Gospel Mrs. W. A. Montgomery; 10.50 Sources of Power, Mrs. D. Everett Waid; 11.40 Prayer and Testimony; 2.00 Pageant at Greek Theatre, University Campus, Berkeley. 8.00 Address; The Progress and the Problem of the Colored Woman, Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, Washington, D. C.

Sunday, June 13th, Theme: Christ, the Prince of Peace. Morning Sermons in the Churches; 3.00 "The Voices of the Women", brief messages from Home and Foreign Missionaries. "The Response of the Women of America, Mrs. George W. Coleman; 8.00 Devotional Service led by Rev. H. H. Bell, D. D., address; The relation of America to World Peace, Bishop Edwin L, Hughes, L. L. D. Address: Foreign Missions and World Peace, Mrs. W. A. Montgomery. All meetings will be held at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, unless otherwise stated.

A $5,000 GIFT FOR BIBLE WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

The late Michael Selinger, "a loyal convert from the Jewish to the Christian faith," gave a bequest to the American Bible Society for Bible work among the Jews.

Mr. Selinger was converted in Constantinople forty-five years ago through the purchasing of a Bible, shown in the picture, and for eighteen years he sold, in his place of business, the Scriptures in thirty-three different languages. His wife also was converted through the reading of the Bible, and they both were earnest Bible teachers and distributors for many years.

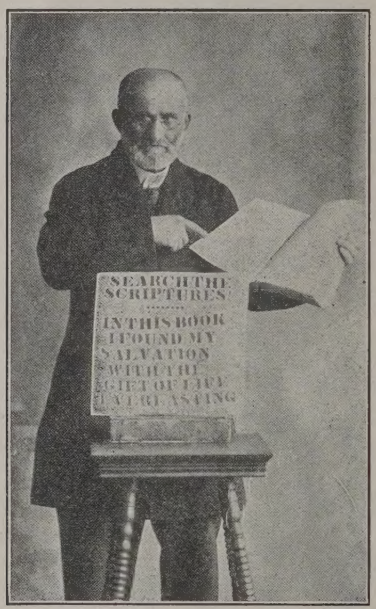
Twenty-five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Selinger came to San Francisco. During these years here Mr. Selinger was a member of the First United Presbyterian Church. He was engaged in business, but his ruling passion was to preach Christ and to distribute the word of God especially among the Jews.

After the death of his wife, and having no relative in this country but a well-to do nephew and his family whom he felt had no need of his money, he deeded his property to the cause that was dearest to his heart, "Bible work", and solemnly and impressively entrusted his property to the American Bible Society to carry out his purpose after his death.

Before his death he made arrangements for a tombstone

to be built for his and his wife's grave having on top of the monument an open Bible, as seen in the picture.

Mr. Selinger's life and gift is but an expression of the



testimony of the truth when God says of His Word, "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that

which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing where unto I sent it." A. WESLEY MEL,

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One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness—that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good, in the long run it is ill with the wicked.—J. A. Froude.

A POLYMURIEL COMMITTEE GIVES WOMEN SOME HINTS ABOUT CLOTHES AND HATS.

Talking on the "Psychology of Clothes," and related subjects, at the Hotel Astor in New York one day last week, Mrs. Mildred Manley Easton, Mrs. W. R. Chapman and others made some startling statements. We pass them along for the women readers of The Pacific—not the men by any means—to read and think about.

Mrs. Easton said that, although clothes make the woman, they need not cost much; that the main thing is to have something which expresses the individuality of the wearer; this accomplished, a five-cent calico is as satisfactory as a Paris frock, and mayhap more so.

"That hat that I am wearing is seven years old," said Mrs. Chapman, who had been selected to talk upon the hat subject because of her good taste in head gear. "I trim all my own hats," she said, and then she turned around so that the audience might see the one she was wearing from all points of view. "First this was trimmed with daisies and black velvet. Then I put on some cherry-colored feathers. Perhaps some of you remember those cherry-colored feathers."

A woman in the audience nodded her head delightfully, as at the thought of an old friend.

"Then the hat didn't seem to be just in the mode and I thought people might remember it too well, and I put it away for two years. This year I saw a perfectly lovely wreath in one of the shops and I said to myself: 'I believe that would be just the thing for my Leghorn hat,' so I bought it. I turned the rim of the hat down on one side and up a little on the other, and here it is."

The women gazed admiringly.

"It is ridiculous to pay the price that is asked for hats in the shops at Easter time. Three times more than any of the materials are worth and because it is 'exclusive,' and three weeks afterward you see every woman in town wearing something exactly like it. You know they say the 'life of an old hat is in the cocking, as the thing in the new one is the selecting. I think I would rather do the cocking with the old one and find the things in the house that I can use. Then you wear a little bit of the color of the hat in the gown to make it becoming. Black velvet is the hat for winter, and white feathers when you wish a dress hat, a simple bow for morning and a little color to match some gown, and the people think you have three hats. We can all economize on hats if we will."

"I can go Mrs. Chapman one better on hats," said Mrs. Easton, "for the one I have on I have had for eight years. I would like to have a Polymuriel gown this minute. I left the house this morning to go to a luncheon and the dress I am wearing, which was right for that, is not right for this meeting, and I am going to two or three things this afternoon and something else this evening. If you leave home early and wear something that will be appropriate for an affair you are going to attend in the evening, you look like a circus rider all day.

"People think I am extravagant, but I don't spend much money for my clothes. I am wearing the gown I have on because I was asked to wear it, and this is an old one and did not cost much. The gown I was asked to wear in the first place only cost me $8 this year. It came from a bargain counter in the first place. I got the material and sewed

on some plush to look like a border made on it. This year I got five gallons of gasoline and put the gown into it and hung it up the bathroom, and then a dressmaker came and fixed it over in two days at $4 a day, and that was all there was to it.

"As long as a woman has her wits she will be interested in her clothes and express her individuality in them. If she simply follows every one else and just comes in at the tail end of the procession she can just as well wear an old quilt around her, and then she might as well go to an asylum.

"It is good business to look well gowned. It is good business to look trim. If you look like a pole or a hitching-post, and if you all slump up, your work will slump up. If your clothes look as if any one could wear them, as if they were just put on to keep off the wind, it will affect you. Clothes react upon the individual."

Mrs. Easton told of a black taffeta gown which toned down her spirits so that no matter how vivacious she was when she put it on her spirits immediately went down to zero.

"Yes, I have felt that," said a woman in the audience. She told of a talk she had just had with Adelaide Johnson, the sculptor, about clothes.

"Miss Johnson told me that the dress she had on was made in 1896," said Mrs. Easton, "and she said she had not had anything new for five years. She said she did not have time. But it looked all right. Art is never out of style. Simplicity is the keynote of everything."

To show the effect of clothes on the mind Mrs. Easton told this story:

"I went to a luncheon once where I had to speak, and I had hurried, and didn't feel as if my clothes were half on, and didn't feel as if I could possibly speak. I didn't know what to say. I was telling my neighbor about it. 'You look all right,' she said. 'You make me think of Marie Antoinette.' With that I thought of what I knew of Marie Antoinette, and lived right up to the picture. I was right dignified.

"The simplest clothes are all right, put on in the right way. Let some women have $1,000 nightgowns"—they had been speaking of the extravagances of rich women—"we don't want them. The girl who earns $3 a week wants to express her individuality. You can't express beauty and charm through hideous clothes, but a five-cent calico is all right if the line is right."

Miss Mildred Johnston Landone, who is offering a prize for a composite gown, the "Polymuriel," one frock that can be made to suit different occasions, gave her idea of it.

"It is not to be so artistic that it will make us think of statuary," she said, "and it is to be a gown to be useful for the woman of moderate means. It must be a gown that will never go out of style. I am not a rich woman, but I have many gowns that, while they are perfectly good, are too much out of style to be worn. There must be no extreme in it, and it must make no sex appeal. The woman of today is beginning to think, and she must be worthily clothed. Too much time is spent on clothes, which are so temporary and yet are of such tremendous importance."

Mrs. Landone said the reduction of the birthrate was caused by the extravagance of women's clothes, as the girls who would otherwise go into domestic service take to sewing; the average women cannot find any one to do her housework, and consequently she cannot take care of a family.

"What I want in the Polymuriel gown," said Mrs. A. M. Palmer, who was chairman of the meeting, "is pockets. Let's have pockets. Then we won't be always singing: "Good gracious, what have I done with that bag with my purse in it?"

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A brightening outlook is reported for Grace Church, Fitchburg.

At the last communion service at Mill Valley one person was welcomed into fellowship.

Superintendent Rathbone and the Rev. J. K. Browne of the American Board are in Humboldt county attending an Efficiency Compaign.

The Rev. F. Bissell, who had a surgical operation at the Bay Sanitarium in Oakland last week, is convalescing and hopes to be at his work again ere long.

The Congregational Sunday Schools of the east side of San Francisco bay had a union Sunday school picnic on a recent Saturday. The Myrtle Street school won the great prize, a silver cup, and carried away other honors. Last Sunday a note on the calendar of the First Church of Oakland read: "Congratulations to our friends of Myrtle St. Church. Small in numbers, yet they captured most of the prizes in the contests of the Union Picnic Day. All in all the day was a great success, and doubtless a similar occasion will be planned next year."

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco for last Sunday contained the following note: "Today with great regret we bid farewell to our organist, Mr. Uda Waldrop, and to our contralto, Miss Fernanda Pratt. We are deeply sorry to lose these great artists. We are grateful for the help they have given us. Brief as has been their association with us they have won our admiration and affection. We shall follow their future triumphs with more than ordinary interest. Admirable arrangements have been made for the musical services of the Church. Mr. Henry L. Perry, whose grand organ voice has added so much to the successful work of the choir, while retaining his position as bass singer, becomes musical director with full charge of the choir and chorus. Mr. Wilbur McColl, for the past three years organist in St. Paul's Church, Oakland, has been appointed organist. Miss Gruninger has accepted the position of contralto."

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EVENTS.

A Woman's Gift To Pomona.

One of the largest individual gifts to Pomona College during the recent campaign for funds, is that of Mrs. Florence Bent Halstead who has been a member of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles ever since 1869. In memory of her father, Henry Bent, who was a charter member of First Church and was one of the first trustees of the college and president of the board, and also in memory of her husband, the late Willard Halstead who passed away three years ago, Mrs. Halstead has placed in the hands of the college officials a pledge to turn over property that is ultra-conservatively valued at $60,000—and it is probably worth $100,000. This magnificent gift has

been set apart to found two chairs—the Henry Kirke White Bent Foundation for Botany, and the Willard George Halstead Foundation for Zoology. In addition to this splendid gift, Mrs. Halstead gave $7500 for the memorial $50,000 gift in memory of the late Dr. Warren F. Day, and later on added to this the title to her beautiful home in the suburbs of Los Angeles which is valued at $25,000.

Mrs. Halstead's father came to Southern California in early days and built up a fortune, acquiring some of the finest property in Pasadena and Los Angeles and great holdings in the central part of the State. Her husband too was a successful business man and manager of great mining properties. Both men had missed the opportunity of a college education—an opportunity for which both had longed. Henry Bent was the son of a Harvard graduate, and Harvard traditions descended to him. When he was a lad in his teens his father was pastor of the Congregational church in Amherst, Mass., and there, in the shadow of Amherst College, he grew up, expecting by every inheritance of ambition to have the privileges of a college education. His eyesight failed just as he reached college age, and he was forced to give up this dream.

In her generous gift to Pomona College, Mrs. Halstead has paid glorious and golden tribute to the memory of these two men whose lives will be thus transmuted into high service for all generations to come.

Missionary From China Here.

Rev. Frederick P. Beach, foreign pastor in our Congregational mission at Foochow, China, will arrive with his wife in Los Angeles early this week, and will share with Dr. Day in the service at First Church next Sunday evening. Before entering the ministry, Mr. Beach was a successful engineer in the United States reclamation service for a number of years. He determined to fit himself for missionary work on the foreign field, and with that end in view, entered Pomona College, and afterward studied at Oberlin and at the Union Theological Seminary. He went out to China a few years ago and is now coming home on furlough. Rev. and Mrs. Beach will be in Los Angeles about two weeks.

Pomona College Playright.

Carl I. Wheat, a member of the First Church of Los Angeles and a student at Pomona College, is the clever young man who has written the senior play to be produced at the College Commencement. It is a dramatization of the religion and life of the primitive Hopi tribes of Indians. Mr. Wheat has named his play "The Gods are Good" and has admirably fashioned a picture of the Painted Desert into which is woven a story of love and tragedy, expectation and fulfilment, which goes back to a time long before Europeans set forth in the New World. In the unique setting of the Greek Theater where the play will be produced, the atmosphere will be greatly enhanced.

Dr. Day Speaks To Baptists.

The fact that Los Angeles has just been entertaining the big Baptist convention with hundreds of delegates from all over the country suggested the topic of Dr. William Horace Day's sermon last Sunday morning when he spoke on "Our Baptist Brethren" and their contribution to the common Christianity.

It is not to be denied that those early Puritans did drive Roger Williams, who established the first Baptist church in America, out of Massachusetts and incidentally these energetic Colonial Congregationalists may have hung a few witches, nevertheless Dr. Day clearly showed that they did not ordinarily persecute other religions and that there was a very close tie between the two denominations, even in their early conflicts.

Close Communion Of Churches.

In this connection it is interesting to note the close communion of Congregationalists and Baptists in these modern days. One of the leading London churches that is Congregational in doctrine is under the pastorate of a Baptist minister—the veteran preacher and publicist, Rev. F. B. Meyer who has just entered the pastorate of Christ Church a second time after a several years' tour over the world as Bible and Sunday School lecturer. It may be mentioned too that the previous pastor of Christ Church, Rev. Len A. Broughton, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., was also a Baptist. Neither of them however sacrificed their conviction on the form of baptism but used a baptistery constructed in the chapel at the suggestion of Dr. Meyer. Their assistant was always allowed to sprinkle such persons as desired to unite with the church and did not wish to be immersed. This particular church in London, by the way, is of especial interest to Americans in that its graceful spire is a memorial to Abraham Lincoln.

Farewell To The Turks.

The farewell reception tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Morris H. Turk prior to their leaving for Kansas City called out a great throng of people who assembled to bid the Turks good bye and God speed. The parlors of First Church were elaborately decorated with flowers and greens and representatives from every department of church and Sunday School were there to speak affectionate words of appreciation and farewell. Nor were words the only token of love. Dr. Turk was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain suitably inscribed, and was assured that every tick meant a throb of love from the givers. A jeweled pin from the members of the Church Worship League, a junior organization established by Dr. Turk, was another memento, and to Mrs. Turk was given a beautiful bracelet and a necklace with diamond and pearl pendant. Numerous other gifts from different departments of the Bible School and church voiced the appreciation of those to whom Dr. and Mrs. Turk have meant much during their gracious ministry in this church. Dr. and Mrs. William Horace Day received with the co-pastor and his wife. Dr. Turk's farewell sermon was one long to be remembered and his tender words of farewell touched the hearts of his congregation. He struck an impersonal and lofty chord when he said: "I interpret your expressions of love for Mrs. Turk and myself as indicating your love and loyalty to your Church." No immediate call will be issued for a successor to Dr. Turk as Dr. Wiliam Horace Day will for the present carry on the work. He returned from his world tour greatly refreshed and invigorated and under his able administration the affairs of First Church will move forward as ever with that splendid zeal which has made this great church a monument to the cause of Christ. Dr. and Mrs. Turk left last Friday night for San Francisco, where they will spend a few days visiting the Exposition before going on to Kansas City.

The Blue And The Gray.

Last Sunday evening there was a musical Memorial Day service at First Church, a feature of which was the splendid patriotic music rendered by a chorus of twenty men's voices. Members of the G. A. R., of the United Confederate Veterans organization, and other patriotic orders were present in a body, as well as officers of the local First department, who were invited in recognition of the fact that they are constantly imperiling their lives for the safety of the community. Dr. Day spoke on "The Blue and the Gray," emphasizing that larger patriotism which acknowledges the debt that the America of today owes to the American bravery of the '60's when there was no North and no South.

Cranford Tea And Tarts.

If any church needs to raise money and is seeking some sort of entertaintment wherewith to do it I would suggest a Cranford Tea—that is, if it can be carried out as successfully as was that given by the Women's Work Society of First Church last Thursday afternoon and evening. It was a perfect picture of Cranford that greeted the eyes of spectators from the platform of the church parlors which had been converted into an exact replica of a Cranford tea party. All the dear familiar characters were there, clad in the gown and calash, the quaint caps, and fichus, and soft laces, and stiff silks of Cranford days. Mrs. F. K. Adams read delightful chapters from Cranford, the scenes described being cleverly pantomimed by the various characters who sat about the tea tables engaged in the pleasant pastimes of long ago. Afterward tea and tarts, and heart-shaped caraway cookies—the regular Cranford kind—were served to everyone. The old mahogany and silver and china used in the settings represented century-old treasures drawn from the precious stores of those who contributed to the splendid success of the occasion.

Los Angeles, May 31st. SYDNEY FORD.

SACRAMENTO ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Sacramento Association was held in the First Congregational Church of Sacramento May 12 and 13. Nine churches were represented. Rev. H. C. Miller was moderator and Rev. A. E. Bradstreet scribe.

The general theme of the meeting was "Evangelism." Naturally the address of the first evening was on "The Evangel." This was given by Rev. F. J. Van Horn of Oakland. It did not follow the common lines of discussion, but none the less surely led us to God's love and sacrifice as the great message of the Word.

The themes of Thursday morning were practical and awakened much interest and discussion. The first was given by Rev. H. G. Miller on "What is Evangelism?" "Evangelizing Little Children" was discussed by Rev. A. E. Bradstreet. Rev. J. R. Shoemaker spoke on "The Converts and the Church." Rev. J. E. Tedford gave the closing address of the morning on "Personal Evangelism." All of these themes contained a strong appeal because they dealt with facts supremely vital to the success of the church.

In the afternoon Miss Miriam L. Woodberry aroused within us a fresh interest for the young people among the immigrants in their struggles for an education and the attainment of the higher ideals and better ways of living, which America makes possible. Rev. John Brereton turned our thoughts toward "Genetics and Religion" in his address, bringing out the connection between heredity and evangelism. Rev. Chenault, of the M. E. Church, South, called our attention to "Some of the Dangers of the Modern Church," the Rev. Whittaker spoke of "The Social Note in Evangelism." Thus the afternoon session led our thoughts out into a larger and more varied application of the theme. The discussions showed that the addresses had gripped the audience.

Dr. E. L. Smith, Secretary of The American Board, brought the meeting to a climax in the evening by a wonderfully comprehensive view of our responsibility as a denomination in the evangelization of the world.

The Association voted in favor of an evangelistic committee for the promotion of pastoral exchange in evangelistic meetings. Revs. Bradstreet, Brereton and Wallace were appointed on that committee.

Rev. H. G. Miller was chosen as a delegate to the National Council for four years and Rev. L. W. Winslow for two years. Rev. A. E. Bradstreet was chosen moderator for the ensuing year and Rev. J. E. Tedford registrar.

Hearty resolutions of appreciation of the cordial hospitality of the members and friends of the Sacramento church and of thanks for their kindness and care and the inspiration received from the presence and addresses of Revs. F. J. Van Horn, D.D., Miss Miriam L. Woodberry, and Rev. E. L. Smith, D.D.

Association adjourned to meet next year at Auburn.

A. E. B.

RECOGNITION COUNCIL AT HIGHLAND.

It was an unusually well attended council that convened recently to recognize Rev. F. E. Dell as pastor of this church. Not only were delegates present, but in goodly numbers the people of Highland were there to testify to their interest in the proceedings. The fact that he has acted as pastor of the church for more than a year before the recognition council was called made the exercises more of an appreciation than an examination. He exhibited for his inspectors a theology safe and sane but open to all light from all sources, and a religious experience normal and conclusive. Rev. Herbert A. Jump of Redlands was moderator. Rev. Horace Porter of Riverside, whose fame has recently been trumpeted by Dr. Lyman Abbott in the columns of the Outlook, was the acceptable preacher. Other parts were taken by Rev. G. F. Mathes of Rialto who gave the hand of fellowship; Rev. E. A. Roys of Corona, and until lately of Oakland, who charged the pastor, and Rev. H. B. Mowbray of San Bernardino and also formerly of Oakland, who charged the people. Rev. Mr. Dell thus continues under happy auspices his work in this charming community where they grow some of the finest navel oranges in California.

The fact is, people don't die of troubles in this world; they die of frettin' at 'em, only they don't seem to know it.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Success is a matter of character rather than of learning; it depends less upon the possession of talent than upon its wise application.

Altruism is the keynote of the Bible. He that loveth his own life shall lose it. Christ gave himself away.

The Home.

IN THE EXPERIENCE OF FATHERHOOD.

"I'm only telling you this," writes some one, "when firs you look into your son's face, every failing of your own wil rise up to haunt you, because you will wish for nothing o God's earth so much as that that boy shall have a fair sho in life and be a better man than you. You will thank Heave for every good thing you know of in your blood and in you wife's, and you will regret every meanness, every weakness that he may inherit, more than you knew it was in you t regret anything."

Some one writes in "My Little Boy;" "'Father,' he says, 'what is life?' I give him a tap in his little stomach, roll him over on the carpet and conceal my emotion under a mighty romp. 'Then, when we sit breathless and tired I answer gravely: 'Life is delightful, my little boy. Don't you be afraid of it!'"

Sometimes it seems to me that men do not often wake up to an absolutely unselfish love except in the experience of fatherhood. It is a great self-revelation to find yourself capable of such abandonment of love without a trace of selfish feeling. You could not possibly guess beforehand, the tug of this child of yours on your heart. It's a poor scrap of a man who does not then find his best called out; who does not now wish to be what he would have his children become.

Father and mother join, in the true home, in a solemn covenant to "help the child to conquer himself, whatever it may cost them." No nurse, no governess, no tutor can possibly replace the parent's own giving of himself to the child. And it is a poverty-stricken home, whatever the wealth, where the father or mother is trying to meet the needs of the children by proxy. Your love for your child will inevitably become for him a medium for the understanding of the love of God himself, and a revelation of that love.

What it shall mean to your child that God is Father, depends most of all on what he has found fatherhood or motherhood to mean in you.—President King.

SENECA ON A HAPPY LIFE.

"There is not anything in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of and less understood, than the business of a happy life," said Seneca. "It is every man's wish and design; and yet not one of a thousand that knows wherein that knows wherein that happiness consists. We live, however, in a blind and eager pursuit of it; and the more haste we make in a wrong way, the further we are from our journey's end. Let us, therefore, first, consider what it is we should be at; and, secondly, 'which is the readiest way to compass it.' If we be right, we shall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the cry, or the track, of people that are out of the way, we must expect to be misled, and to continue our days in wandering in error. Wherefore, it highly concerns us to take along with us a skilful guide; for it is not in this, as in other voyages, where the highway brings us to our place of repose; or if a man should happen to be out, where the inhabitants might set him right again; but on the contrary, the beaten road is here the most dangerous and the people, instead of helping us, misguide us. Let us not, therefore, follow, like beasts, but rather govern ourselves by reason, than by example."

"The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations, to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present without any anxious dependence upon the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing which we search for without finding it. 'Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress.' Nothing can make it less; for it is the state of human perfection; it raises us as high as we can go; and makes every man his own supporter; whereas he that is borne up by anything else may fall. He that judges aright, and perserveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm; he takes a true prospect of things; he observes an order, measure, a decorum in all his actions; he has a benevolence in his nature; he squares his life according to reason; and draws to himself love and admiration. Without a certain and an unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation; but 'he that always wills and nills the same thing, is undoubtedly in the right.' Liberty and serenity of mind must necessarily ensue upon the mastering of those things which either allure or affright us; when instead of those flashy pleasures, (which even at the best are both vain and hurtful together,) we shall find ourselves possessed of joy transporting and everlasting. It must be a sound mind that makes a happy man; there must be a constancy in all conditions, a care for the things of this world, but without trouble; and such an indifferency for the bounties of fortune, that either with them, or without them, we may live contentedly. There must be neither lamentation, nor quarreling, nor sloth, nor fear; for it makes a discord in a man's life. 'He that fears, swerves.' The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption; in all places, at all times, and in all conditions, his thoughts are cheerful and quiet."

For The Children.

THE QUEST OF LAZY-LAD.

Have you heard of the tale of Lazy-Lad
  Who dearly loved to shirk,
  For he "hated" his lessons and "hated" his tasks
  And he "hated" to have to work?
So he sailed away on a summer day
  Over the ocean blue;
Said Lazy-Lad, "I will seek till I find
  The Land of Nothing-to-do.

"For that is a jolly land I know,
  With never a lesson to learn,
And never an errand to bother a fellow
  Till he doesn't know where to turn.
And I'm told the folks in that splendid place
  May frolic the whole year through,
So everybody good-bye—I'm off
  For the Land with Nothing-to-do!"

So Lazy-Lad he went to the west
  And then to the east sailed he,
And he sailed north and he sailed south

Over many a league of sea,
And many a country fair and bright
And busy came into view;
But never, alas, could he find the coast
Of the Land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy-Lad sailed back again,
And a wiser lad was he,
For he said, "I've wandered to every land
That is in the geography,
And in each and all I've found that folks
Are busy the whole year through,
And everybody in every place
Seemed to have something to do.

"So it must be the best way after all,
And I mean to stay on shore
And learn my lessons and do my tasks
And be lazy-lad no more.
The busiest folk are the happiest,
And what mother said was true,
For I've found out there is no such place
As the Land of Nothing-to-do."

—L. M. Montgomery.

FLO'S FAIRY DAY.

Effie Heywood.

"O, dear, it's too tiresome just to be a little girl," said Flo. "I wish I was a fairy; then I could do what I liked. I wouldn't have to go to school and learn my lessons, or help mamma. I should wear lovely rings and just eat cake and sweet things whenever I was hungry."

"So you would like to be a fairy?" asked mamma, who was sewing by the nursery window. "Well, dear—let me see—you can try it tomorrow. You can be a fairy for the entire day."

"Really?" chied Flo.

"Yes," said mamma, gravely. "You can be a play fairy. I will make you some wings and you can do what you like all day."

"And not go to school?" asked Flo, excitedly, "or mind baby brother—or anything?"

"No," said mamma, "fairies don't do these things. You can tell me about it when you come back as my little girl tomorrow night."

So mamma made Flo some paper wings, and a gold paper crown for her head, and early the next morning she went out in the garden. When schooltime came, Ellen Dean, who was Flo's best friend, went by alone, and Flo was half sorry she could not join her.

"Aren't you coming to school?" asked Ellen. "And what are you wearing those wings for?"

"I'm going to be a fairy today," replied Flo; "it's lots of fun. Mamma says I needn't go to school."

"O, dear, how foolish!" answered practical little Ellen; "we were going up to Benson's pasture at recess and mother baked a little tart for you and me. Well, I'm glad I'm not a fairy."

Flo watched her until she disappeared down the road, then she turned half regretfully and walked back to the seat under the apple tree.

About the middle of the forenoon Uncle Dick drove over from the mill in the old depot wagon that Flo enjoyed so much to ride in. He wanted to take mamma and Flo and baby brother to the village, and when he saw Flo he laughed. "What are the wings for?" he asked.

"I'm a fairy," said Flo, soberly.

"O!" said Uncle Dick, and he laughed again.

"Of course a fairy would never ride in a depot wagon," said mamma, "because it would not be half fine enough and her wings would crush." Then she turned to Uncle Dick. "I should like to go," she said, "but the baby is frety this morning, so I couldn't take him, and there is no one to tend him, for Norah is busy with the ironing."

"Let Flo take him," suggested Uncle Dick, but mamma shook her head.

"No," she cried. "Flo is a fairy, so she couldn't care for a baby. I really can't go, although I wish I could."

So Uncle Dick drove away, and mamma went back into the house. Flo played all the fairy games she could think of, and danced and sang and made flower chains until dinner time. Norah was cooking the very things Flo liked best, but mamma came to the door to say that her dinner would be carried to the summer house, because fairies did not come to the table. She seemed to know all about them. Flo sat down to a solitary meal, consisting of sandwiches, crackers and cake, for mamma said fairies could never eat beefsteak and vegetables, but even though Flo had her best china set and all the cake she could eat, it did not taste so good, after all.

The afternoon passed slowly. She saw Norah go out to feed the chickens, and her first impulse was to say, "I alway feed them," then she remembered she was a fairy, and they never did such things. She began to wish she could finish the square of patchwork that had seemed such a difficult task to her yesterday, and there were berries to be picked for tea, but of course such things were out of the question. She flitted about the orchard on an imaginary horse until she saw the children coming home from school. They were having a merry time, and she longed to join them, only she knew they would laugh at her wings. O, how tired she was! How still everything seemed, and how the bees hummed—faintly—faintly—

Mamma found her asleep an hour later and carried her into her own little room. Flo thought she was dreaming when she opened her eyes.

"O, goody!" were her first words, "I'm a little girl again, and I'm so glad, mamma."

Poor mamma looked very tired, and Flo put her arms around her neck and kissed her. "I never want to be a fairy any more," she said.

Mamma smiled. "I thought you would learn your lesson, dear, and be my own sensible little girl again. I wanted you to learn how sweet it is to be satisfied with one's own life and with doing every little duty willingly that comes to one. And I want you to remember, my little Flo, that the greatest happiness does not come merely by pleasing one's self."

And Flo did not forget her lesson. She kept the wings as a reminder of the day she was a fairy.

BETTY'S PLAYTIME.

"Oh, dear," said Betty, when mamma called her from play; somebody's always wantin' me to do somethin'!" She ran into the house with a frown on her face.

"Betty," said mamma, "if you can't obey cheerfully—"

"But I always have to be doin' somethin'," burst out Betty. "I can never play—"

"You may play this whole day long," said mamma, quiet-

ly. "And do not do anything else?" said Betty.

"Not another thing," said mamma.

"Oh, goody!" cried Betty, and she ran out and got her doll things, and began making a dress for Cora May, her new doll.

Grandma came into the room while she was sewing.

"Betty," she said, "will you run upstairs and get me my spectacles?"

"Yes, ma'am," cried Betty, jumping up in a hurry, for she dearly loved to do things for grandma.

"No, Betty," said mamma; "you keep on with your doll things. I'll get grandma's glasses myself."

Betty returned to her sewing, but somehow it wasn't so interesting as it had been. She threw it down the minute little Benjamin waked from his nap and ran to take him.

"Nursing is too much like work," said mamma, taking the baby out of her arms; "you must not do any today."

Betty's cheeks turned rosy. She thought of the times she had grumbled when mamma had asked her to hold baby. Now she would have given anything just to hold her one minute.

Mary Sue, Betty's best friend, came to get her to go on an erand for her.

"I'm sorry, but you can't go," said mamma. "Running errands is not play, you know."

Jack came running in with a button to be sewed on. Betty put on her thimble and began sewing it on. But mamma came in before she had finished.

"Why, the idea of your sewing, child!" she said, taking the needle and thread out of her hand. "Run along to your play!"

When father came home to dinner, Betty started, as usual, to open the front door for him. But mamma called her back.

"You forgot, Betty," she said in her pleasantest way, that you are not to do anything for anybody today."

"Then I guess I'd not better ask her to drop my letter in the mail box," said Cousin Kate; "it might interfere with her play."

"I'm tired of playin'!" cried Betty. She ran out to the kitchen. Dinah, the cook, would not help her, she knew. But, for a wonder, not even black Dinah would let her do anything.

"I'se agwine ter a fun'ral," she said, "an' I'se in a mighty big hurry to git off. But, law, honey! I wouldn't hab you 'rupted in your play fer nuthin'!"

Poor Betty! She thought the day would never end.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried as she kissed her at bedtime, "do wake me up early in the morning. I want to get a good start. Helping is so much better than playin' all the time."—Pearls.

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